Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

GUI. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For Ms return. *[Sal&jm Musick.*

BEL. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Go. Is he at home ?

BEL. He went hence even now.

GUI. What does he mean ? since death of my
dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ? Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys [5], Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys, Is Cadwal mad ?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead., in his Arms.*

BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms. Of what we blame him for!

Ahv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty* To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch, Than have seen this.

s —lamenting TOYS,] Tb *i/s* formerly signified *freah, or fro-licks.* One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1557, is called, "The *toyes* of an idle head." See Cole's Diet. 1679, inv,

M ALONE.

Toys are *trifles.* So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

" That for a *toy,* a thing of no regard." Again, in Hamlet: *

" Each *toy* seems prologue to some great amiss.**

STEEVENS.